Elliot Jr. (Geo. T.)

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Alumni of the Medical Department

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

BY

GEORGE T. ELLIOT, Jr., A. M., M. D.,

[OF THE CLASS OF 1849]

PROFESSOR OF OBSTETRICS, AND THE DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN, IN THE BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

NEW YORK:

THE TROW & SMITH

BOOK MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 46, 48, 50 GREENE STREET.

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ADDRESS.

Fellow Alumni of the University Medical College,—The unexpected honor of addressing you this evening, at the first formal meeting of the Alumni, has been awarded me by the committee, representing the interests of 2,631 of our number, in such a manner that it could not be declined; and it has been accepted in the spirit which prompted the offer. As a native of this city; a graduate of the literary department of Columbia College; a doctor of medicine of this University; a lecturer for several years in the College of Physicians and Surgeons; and as one of the founders and professors in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, I represent alike those affectionate reminiscences which have called us together this evening, as well as that solidarity of purpose, interest, and responsibility in which all these colleges are embraced.

The history of the past has shown that the prosperity of one enhances the prosperity of all, and the brightest hopes for the future success of medical teaching in this metropolis grow out of the harmony of feeling, the concert of action, and the honorable emulation by which they are distinguished.

The inevitable centralization of interests, which is begotten by the laws of trade and the natural advantages of New York, had foreshadowed the commercial preëminence of this city before its wondrous development had astonished the world. While the electric telegraph, pondered over by Prof. Morse in one of the rooms in this building, has so concentrated the facilities for business operations, as of necessity to

develop the future of New York beyond all possible anticipation. Those long lines of telegraphic wire are the nerves of commercial life, the various cities of the country are the ganglia, but here is the busy brain of commerce which coördinates and directs the vast ramifications of its monetary relations.

Such commercial supremacy dwarfs, of necessity, the relative status of literary and educational enterprises, while, in reality, favoring their development in every possible way. The great rewards of professional and literary life in this country are to be found in this city; and hence the ranks of ambitious men are steadily recruited from all the States by those who have the nerve and the capacity to enter the arena and compete for the highest prizes. The great hospitals of every country are found in its principal city.

There can, therefore, be no doubt of the eventual supremacy of New York as the great centre of medical education in this country, even if the astonishing progress of the last few years had not confirmed the anticipation. It is to the medical department of the University that the honor is due of first practically developing the claims of New York to be the chief medical school of this country; although the medical department of Columbia College and Rutgers College must forever share the honor of laboring as pioneers in the field.

The experience in teaching, and the brilliant reputation of the founders of this college, turned the tide of students to this city, made its advantages known to the South and West, and attracted larger classes to their lectures than had ever been seen in New York.

In the twenty-seven years which have elapsed since its organization many changes have occurred in its Faculty, while some, full of years and honors, have passed away from among us, and rest from their labors. It is a fitting time to recall some of those personal reminiscences which are shared by so many of my audience, and it is to be hoped that the subsequent annual addresses to the Alumni of this college may gradually supply those data, interesting at the time to those who can confirm their accuracy, and furnishing the most valuable materials for the biographer and the historian.

When I first matriculated in this college in October, 1845,

the lectures were delivered in the Stuyvesant Institute on Broadway, opposite Bond street, which belonged to the Faculty, and was subsequently sold by them after they had erected the splendid building, recently destroyed by fire, in East Fourteenth street, between Third avenue and Irving place. At this time the prosperity of the college was at its height, the spacious lecture-rooms were thronged with students from all parts of the country, but especially from the South and West. The Faculty, flushed with success, full of ardor, experienced, energetic, in the prime of manhood, and well-knit together, presented in the highest degree the cohesion, the discipline, the vigor, and the enthusiasm which represent the essential conditions for the prosperity of a college.

Of all the names which challenge my attention, it is right that the first place should be given to that of Valentine Mott, then Professor of Surgery, and more widely known in this country and to the world than any American physician has ever been before or since. To lecture on surgery was for Mott a labor of love, never completely relinquished to the close of his long life. His image rises clearly before me as he alighted from the large old-fashioned gig in which he then preferred to drive; clad in spotless glossy black, without a crease or grain of dust, he passed with his pleasant smile and slightly bowed form through the throng of admiring students to his private room.

Although a fluent lecturer, Mott was rarely eloquent, and never sought to charm his audience by any grace of oratorical display. Students and physicians went to see and hear the self-reliant man who had devised so many bold and original surgical procedures, and was so renowned for the delicacy, the skill, and the success of his operations. In the gentle, placid, smiling face before them they beheld the surgical pioneer who had left so few of the great operations on the human body to be originated by others. As secure in his knowledge of relative anatomy as the mariner in the fidelity of his compass, Mott had passed boldly on from one triumph to another, had made the crooked ways straight, and illumined the path for all to follow. His devotion to the study of surgical anatomy was such, that to the close of his active

life he rarely undertook an operation of difficulty without previous reference to the cadaver.

These minute precautions with which he guarded his operations against every avertible cause of failure, the intensity of his devotion to delicacy and success in his manipulations, were the foundation of his great renown, and distinguished every thought and act of his surgical career. To him each step of an operation always involved a solemn responsibility, though he might have discharged the same duty an incredible number of times before; and such was his enthusiasm, that the ligatures which he had applied to the great arteries were carefully preserved, and even shown to his successive classes. They were as hallowed to him as the trusty weapon which the successful soldier bears back from the well-contested field.

These qualities distinguished him as a lecturer, but detracted from his success. A feeling was left in the minds of many students that these operations might fall to their lot, but could only be properly performed by such a man as Mott, separated from them by impassable barriers. And thus the very vastness of his knowledge of the subject, and his extreme desire to impart all those details which had served him so well in such trying and unforeseen emergencies, somewhat obscured the student's perception of those few indispensable indications which alone he was fitted to comprehend.

"Ah," said the late Professor Gilman to me, "I wish that I had not been prevented by circumstances from delivering a course of lectures on a certain subject; they would have been better than any that I have ever given." And when I asked him why, he replied, "Because I would not have been embarrassed by any knowledge of the subject." But the very wealth of illustration and detail in Mott's lectures which embarrassed the young student, made them of priceless value to the practitioner, and to him who had grappled with similar difficulties.

How many living men there are who can endorse the statement made by the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at the formal meeting of the Academy, held after the death of Dr. Mott! "I never met Dr. Mott in any

case," said Dr. Delafield, "without learning some fact of practical value."

According to an old Chinese proverb, "Tall towers are known by the shadows which they cast, and great men by their calumniators." Nor was Mott an exception to the law. But their voices are hushed in the presence of the grave; and while impotent during his long life to deprive him of his just meed of honor, they have for ever ceased their objections to his rank as the greatest surgeon that America has ever produced.

In 1850, Dr. Mott's health began to fail, and for a second time he restored its tone by a visit to Europe. His place was filled by Prof. S. D. Gross, now the successor of Mütter, in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia.

Dr. Gross's resignation from the University led to the appointment of Dr. Alfred C. Post to the vacant chair. The nephew of Dr. Wright Post, whom Dr. Mott venerated as the leading surgeon of his day, long a surgeon to the New York City Hospital, an untiring student, he now fills, with honor to himself and to the College, the chair which is identified with the lives of the leading surgeons of the country.

After his return from Europe, Dr. Mott accepted the proffered rank of Emeritus Professor of Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, but subsequently resigned that position to take the same rank and title in the University, which he held to the day of his death.

Granville Sharp Pattison was one of the founders of the College, and Professor of Anatomy when I was a student. The first idea of the establishment of this school was developed in his mind by a desire to settle in New York. He came from Philadelphia to lay his plans before Dr. John W. Draper, who, more than any other man, has shaped and directed the policy of this College from the hour when he consented to undertake its organization.

Pattison was no ordinary lecturer. His strongly marked individuality stood out in bold relief in whatever surroundings he might be placed by duty or inclination. His finely marked oval face, his commanding forehead, the quiet grace of his movements, the calm equipoise of manner which marked the man of the world, at home in the best circles,

and fitted to shine in any society, all conspired to enhance that peculiar charm which the audience felt before a word had yet been uttered.

He needed all these and other qualities to supply the deficient voice and defective articulation which marred his elocution. It often happens, however, that the physical defects of a man of marked ability enlist the sympathy of his admirers, blunt the sharp edge of criticism, and form an additional bond of endearment. Without these drawbacks, Pattison would have been a great orator; in spite of them he succeeded in teaching anatomy so clearly, and in a manner so attractive to the student, that it will always be difficult to find his superior.

One secret of his success is to be sought in the striking contrast of his style to that of Mott. The professor of surgery and the professor of anatomy in a medical school, teach the same subjects in their different relations, and often meet on common ground. Perhaps Dr. Pattison was not unaware of the relief which it gave to the student when he taught the surgical anatomy of the neck, or of hernia, in simple, graphic language, which penetrated like a sunbeam into the cloudiest intellect; or when, stripping the subject of all the refinements and minutiæ with which it had been draped by the great surgeon, he pointed with that ardor, that demonstration of warm, sympathetic feeling for the student of which he was supremely master, to the simple anatomical details, the clear cardinal facts, which alone they need remember, and on which alone they might rely.

It was formerly the custom to open the session by a week of introductory lectures—one evening being allotted to each chair—and I well remember the impression which Dr. Pattison made on one of these occasions. These addresses were prepared with care, read from the manuscript, and requested for publication by the class. When the time came for Dr. Pattison's address, the amphitheâtre was lighted up instead of the lower lecture-room, and thronged with students. The doctor made his appearance in full evening dress, with blue dress coat and pumps. Using no notes, commencing in a low tone of voice, in his peculiar enunciation, struggling with his lisp, and the difficulty that he experienced in pronouncing

the letter *r*, he proceeded to show that an exact knowledge of anatomy was indispensable to the trustworthy practitioner. The hushed silence with which his remarks were received showed the sympathy of the audience for the difficult articulation, and their confidence in the power of the man. But as he unfolded his argument, and dilated with his theme, his voice rose, the listless, unimpassioned manner was lost in the eagerness and ardor of the earnest advocate; all the fiery energy of his nature, the reminiscences of years of heart-inspired teaching were fused in the glowing words which brightened the beaming faces of the class, until, at last, uncovering a superb dissection of the surgical anatomy of the neck, he pointed with fingers trembling with excitement to the relations of the vital parts to each other in illustration of his method of teaching, and concluding amid storms of applause, he left indelibly impressed on the mind of every student that it was hopeless to seek for a more trusty guide.

His was the skill—

> "To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
> The generous impulse in the glowing breast."

After Dr. Pattison's death, his place was filled by Dr. William H. Van Buren, whose large surgical experience in army and civil hospitals, as well as his singularly clear and remarkably well illustrated demonstrations, lent the greatest interest to his lectures.

The identification of Professor Van Buren with the United States Sanitary Commission during the civil war, has associated his name forever with our national history; and the official history of the commission has recorded the following testimony of his colleagues to the value of his services:

"Dr. Van Buren was one of the members of the commission to whom it was indebted for services in the early period of its history, which, when viewed by the light of experience, it would seem impossible to have dispensed with. To his eminent professional reputation, which had done so much to secure a respectful hearing of the claims of the commission at the outset, he joined a calm and sober judgment, not only

of what ought to be done, but of what, with proper effort, could be done. His former connection with the medical staff, giving him a thorough knowledge of the defects of the system, gave also a practical value to his suggestions of the remedy which it was impossible to overestimate. The commission did not hesitate to follow implicitly his counsel in all his suggestions of reform measures, and the wisdom and propriety of his advice have been fully confirmed by the experience of its whole history."

Dr. Darling, who had long since resigned his position as Demonstrator, and devoted himself with ardor to professional studies abroad, a Fellow, by examination, of the Royal College of Surgeons, of London, has accepted the post made vacant by Prof. Van Buren's resignation, and stands a living link between the memories of the early college days and the active duties of the present.

The chair of Theory and Practice has witnessed many changes, and has been filled by many of the ablest men in the country. The emphatic Revere, the scholarly Saml. H. Dickson, the classic Bartlett, the learned Meredith Clymer, who served with distinction as surgeon in the late war, the practical and clear-headed John A. Swett, who has left in his work on Practice the proof of his great ability, that graceful, apt, and finished clinical teacher, Dr. John T. Metcalfe, have successively discharged the responsibilities of a post now filled by Dr. Alfred L. Loomis, who has laid in the Bellevue and Charity Hospitals the foundations of his success.

The department of Materia Medica has always been identified with Dr. Martyn Paine, whose voluminous works attest the studious habits and the earnest convictions which have distinguished his long career. The days have gone when Dr. Payne used to canter to the college on his mettlesome black horse; but though bowed by the weight of years, and led by advancing age to withdraw from active duty in favor of Prof. Thompson, neither his intellectual forces nor his interest in the college, are in any way abated.

With the obstetrical chair, the name of Gunning S. Bedford has been associated from the beginning. The remarkable success which has attended the publication of his lec-

tures, and of his college clinic, the rapid exhaustion of successive editions, the translation of his works into foreign languages, the approbation of reviewers and of students, attest the ability which marked his teachings. Retiring from the school, he has thus left a perpetual legacy in the published results of all his studies. In his successor, Dr. Chas. A. Budd, the alumni recognize one to whom the interests of the chair are worthily confided, and who has added to its attractions by the assignment of Dr. Jacobi to the children's clinic.

Dr. John W. Draper, now Emeritus Professor of Chemistry and Physiology, has been the executive officer and guiding spirit of the school. Earnest but calm as a lecturer, remarkable for the aptness and profusion of his illustrations, the concentrated manner, the simplicity of style, and distinctness of argument, never suggested a thought of that exceeding grace of language and brilliancy of metaphor which rendered Prof. Draper's introductory and valedictory addresses so remarkable, and which found a congenial theme in his eulogy on Pattison. The magnetic influence of Dr. Draper as a lecturer is felt in the sentiment of reserved force with which he penetrates an audience, in the possession of such qualities as are displayed in his wonderful work on the History of the Intellectual Development of Europe, and in his remarkable history of the Civil War in America. Each of these might justly claim the labor of a life; but his studies have been prosecuted while giving two distinct courses of lectures, writing an elaborate work on physiology, a text-book on chemistry, contributing original views to our knowledge of the laws of light and their relations to the development of plants; and, among other valuable discoveries, originating the application of the process of Daguerre to the taking of portraits from life.

He thus stands a pioneer in one of the most valuable inventions of the age, identified with the science and the literature of his time, an ornament to the University, and the pride of the Alumni.

Although no longer actively connected with the school as a teacher, he has the happiness of seeing the chairs of Chemistry and Physiology, made vacant by his resignation, ably filled by his two sons.

It is as though an elevated type of fissiparous germination had demonstrated alike the excellence of the stock and the vigor of the parent germ.

The University Medical College enjoys the honor of having inaugurated the era of clinical teaching in this city. The clinic of Dr. Mott has now expanded into those of Prof. Post, of Prof. Gouley, who brought to the army of the Potomac the operative skill obtained in Bellevue, of Prof. Roosa cultivating his specialty with ardor; and while it awakened a short-sighted and mistaken opposition in the time of its founders, it was the first of those organizations which have since been developed in the colleges of the city. Although clinical instruction was previously given, to a certain extent, in the New York Hospital to those who had paid an extravagant price for a ticket of admission, neither the interest felt by the staff in the subject, nor the accommodations then existing in that hospital, or in the small theatre subsequently opened in Bellevue, sufficed for the necessities of the student.

The method of clinical instruction inaugurated in surgery by Prof. Mott, and in obstetrics by Prof. Bedford, bridged over the period of time which elapsed between the former comparative indifference to bedside teaching as an educational necessity, to the present, when our college clinics are beginning to yield in attraction to the superior advantages of our large hospitals, in which a spirit of honorable emulation has arisen, already productive of surprising results, and prophetic of incalculable benefit for the future.

And now, fellow Alumni, that I have embodied in this retrospect some of the reminiscences of the past, and some of the claims of Alma Mater to an exalted rank among the medical institutions of our country—let me ask how has it fared with you in the battle of life?

Many of our number are at rest. Some have fallen on the field of battle, or have succumbed to the pestilence. Many have revived their college associations and their friendships, after their arduous duties had been discharged to the wounded of both contending armies. Many have shrunk from the responsibilities and heart-aches which weigh upon the physi-

cian, and have sought in lighter duties a calmer and less heated life. Some have died in the very bud of promise, to whom the touching words of Newton are as applicable as they were to the young astronomer Cotes. "Ah!" said the unselfish Newton, "if Cotes had lived, we should have learned something." Others may be found in the very van of progress, cherishing the best interests of our profession, and a bright example to us all.

The vicissitudes of life have their impress on us. Where are the light hearts, and the buoyant spirits which thrilled our pulses when we ascended this platform, and touched the long-coveted diploma?

Eheu fugaces, postume, postume, labuntur anni! The resistless waves of time bear us onward on the tide of advancing years. We follow those who have gone before. Soon we shall feel that last regret that we had not done more and better in our day and generation, and then—

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

Were we wise when we became physicians? Are those wise who recruit our ranks? I fear that many a heavy sigh proclaims the disappointed hope. The rosy atmosphere of youth has gone, the shadows deepen, the naked stony realities of life encompass our steps. We have our fits of gloom and disappointment. We are condemned to struggle against that immutable law of death, to which we must ourselves succumb.

Our consolation may be found in watching those engaged in other intellectual pursuits, if the gathered experience of our bedside lives has not already taught us the vanity and weariness of human endeavor. "For with much wisdom cometh grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

Where in the range of intellectual exertion can men find respite from care, or freedom from disappointment? Where is the field of study in which the physician cannot glean some scattered facts to stimulate his efforts and reward his labor?

Manhood has its ideal as well as youth. When the rude shock of the world has dispelled our first and brightest illusions, when the mirage has gone, the oasis vanished, and the

illimitable desert stretches its long waste before us, then all the noblest qualities of our nature, which slumbered through the long peaceful years of ease, stir themselves within us and nerve us to the task. Courage and ambition sustain the drooping hope, patience supports the steps, and fancy paints the reward of enduring effort. Far above the trudging feet, the busy brain remembers, plans, devises, until again the arid scene is colored by the glow of manly resolution, striving for the same ideal, though stripped of the chimeras of youth. Disappointments no longer discourage, failures serve as fresh incentives, while true wisdom crowns the gathered treasures of the intellect with the insignia of humility.

In this spirit we recognize in all our trials the purifying discipline of life. To grow wiser is no longer all. To grow better is the thought which slowly blends itself with our purpose, and graces the rugged surface of resolve as the clinging ivy clasps the solid stone in its close embrace.

And so, turning more and more from the material to the spiritual, we find that the greatest love must come from the greatest knowledge, and thus the imperfect intellectual capabilities evolved from our being, though failing in so many efforts, take at last their highest and securest hold on faith in the omniscient Lord and Giver of life.

Survey the broad converging avenues which lead to intellectual distinction, and note how the physician can gather instruction and consolation from the lives of all who toil therein.

Mark the astronomer through the long and weary watches of the night, patiently augmenting the growing record of his observations. Compare him with the immensity of the worlds which he studies. A mere atom, a mathematical point with neither length, breadth, nor thickness, standing on the thin crust above the ever blazing fires which we call the solid earth, he has attuned his mind to the harmony of the spheres, and has extended his knowledge of the boundless limits of the universe by apparatus of wondrous mechanism, so that now machinery does his bidding, and records the results of his vigils with a precision and accuracy to which man himself could never attain. Privileged to read the laws which determine the majestic march of the heavenly

bodies, the astronomer foretells the arrival within his sphere of vision of worlds unknown to him until their perturbing influences had heralded their approach. Interpreter of the oldest and proudest of the fair daughters of science, he reads the separate characters of nebulous masses, and recognizes in their immensity a stupendous aggregation of separate planets. The glory of all earthly pageants pales before the grandeur and solemnity of the scenes displayed by the aid of a few well-constructed lenses. Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Herschel have passed within the veil. The fable of Prometheus has been realized, and the heavenly light streams through countless telescopes from regions dark to the unaided eye, and illumines the soul.

But consider that among all the countless numbers of gifted men who have labored in this the most ancient domain of science, how very few there are who have advanced its limits. Consider their anxieties, their disappointments, and even their persecutions, and you will see that no achromatic lenses can be contrived to shut out the gloom of discontent —"For man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

The microscope of the physician, planned in obedience to the same laws of light which govern the construction of the telescope, discloses unimagined marvels worthy of comparison with the revelations of the astronomer. He finds in the infinitely small, as the astronomer finds in the infinitely great, wondrous types of beauty, and infinite illustrations of that obedience to law, so grandly illustrated in the movements of the heavenly bodies. The hairs of the head have been numbered, but such labor bears no relation to that which has gradually resolved the tissues of the body into their ultimate elements, and traced them through their predestined transformations; which has found such startling evidences of design in the ultimate capillary vessels of different organs; which has disclosed those serried ranks of ciliated epithelium, with their sleepless vibrations, lining certain recesses of the body; which has classified the infusoria, recognized them in impalpable grains of microscopic dust, and shown in their migration and development another evidence of that grand subordination to law, set like the seal of the Creator on all his works; which has detected in

the excrementitious parts of man and birds those sparkling crystals shedding a flood of light on the treatment of disease, and those shells of transcendent beauty, baffling the engraver's art; which has unravelled the coverings of the ovule, defined the laws of its growth, and disclosed in the segmentation of the vitellus the first of those wondrous changes in the progressive and uniform development of fœtal life.

And, as the astronomer finds that the elaborate investigations of ages only serve as starting-points for new discoveries which astound his intellect, and make him feel with Newton that he has merely gathered pebbles on the sea-shore of knowledge; as he recognizes in the "sweet influences of the Pleiades" the forces which overthrow his heliocentric theories, and direct again his hopeless labors in search of the unattainable; so does the microscopist recognize in the teeming myriads of unseen life, within, beneath, and around us—in the mechanism of their organization, so minute that years of patient study are demanded for a few of its component parts, so perfect that the inventive mind of man hails with gladness in these models unsurpassable illustrations of the adaptation of means to ends—evidences of the inexhaustibility of his researches, and of that power which holds the earth in the hollow of his hand, and has known all things from the beginning.

What creations of man are more enduring, and more distinctive of his preëminence, than the varied types of architecture? From generation to generation, they symbolize the religious aspirations of peoples and the ambitious hopes of kings. Lost languages are graven on their walls, and buried for centuries in oblivion, until, after the lapse of ages, the Rosetta stone is found and the dead past speaks to the living present. For thousands of years they bid defiance to natural laws of decay. Empires crumble, nations become extinct, seas and rivers change their barriers, the name and memory of architect and builder are gone forever—but still the solid structure stands.

But the physician recognizes in the long bones of the human skeleton that union of strength with lightness which has done so much for architecture, and sees in the mechanism

of the pelvis that combination of the principle of the arch and the suspension bridge with which the greatest triumphs of engineering have been achieved. Pursuing his researches through the realms of nature, he finds in the nests and homes of animals a perfection of adaptability and contrivance which challenge our lasting admiration while they humiliate our pride.

How touching are those discoveries of facts illustrative of domestic life which the enduring pyramids transmit more surely than the proud memory of their founders! In a leisure moment the humble laborer toiling with a hundred thousand of his fellows on the slowly rising structure, scratches on the sides of a stone the name of the reigning Pharaoh. The pyramid is finished. Pharaoh and people sleep with their fathers. The name of the king has lapsed from the memory of tradition, but the careless record of the poor workman transmits through thousands of years that name of his supreme master which the stately pyramid had failed to guard.

From the legended tomb the mummy is at last borne to countries of which the existence was not even surmised in its lifetime. Strange forms and faces watch with mingled curiosity and interest the unwrapping of the successive covers, but when there falls from the shrivelled armpit the flower which has been pressed there through centuries, the unmistakable token of a last affectionate thought rolls back the buried ages, and the electric spark of sympathy flashes from the unseen past into the living heart.

Customs and languages may disappear, the form of men may change with the influence of climate and mode of life—but the same tear falls from the mourning eye to-day which bedewed the mummy of the Pharaoh—through all recorded time the human heart thrills to the same human emotions.

They slumber in all their vitality through centuries of time, but at the fitting moment their talismanic influence is felt. The buried grain of wheat from the Egyptian tomb ripens at last into the golden harvest of another hemisphere; the symbols of joy and sorrow engraven on stones long hidden in Egyptian and Assyrian sands, touch the same chords of feeling now, and proclaim the brotherhood of man.

How wonderful are the contributions of the literature of

the past to the physician of to-day! The dead and buried languages yield to him their hoarded treasures of wisdom. He sees in the experience of ages the expanded experience of a life. With all the stupendous achievements of science he finds in the aphorisms of the fathers of medicine the barriers which limit his progress to-day. "Vita brevis, ars longa, occasio præceps, experimentum periculosum, judicium difficile." Generations of scientific men have left the proud record of their discoveries as starting-points for the enthusiasm and the genius of their followers, but, as the boundaries extend, new and more fruitful fields for observation widen the horizon. "Plus on s'élève, plus l'horizon s'étend." The strivings of science for unattainable knowledge illustrate the startling mathematical law that a thing may be infinitely greater than a thing infinitely great.

Philologists have at last unlocked for us the sacred books of the Hindoos, and the physician finds in the Sanscrit of thousands of years ago, in the record of those laws which govern the development of the offspring of mixed races, the same results which our experience in the South has taught. Let us hope that the prophetic words of the wise old Hindoos may not apply to us. "Every country," they say, "in which the purity of type is defaced by admixture of races is soon destroyed with its inhabitants."

The artist steeps his senses in types of beauty, and harmonizing all their attributes in the rich tints of his poetic fancy, the result is shown in "the statue which enchants the world," or in the mellowed splendor of the canvas before which generations bow in hopeless emulation.

The physician deals with life itself. The wasted form, the pallid, haggard face, the sunken, suffering eye lie before him on their couch of pain. The feeble cry of infancy, and the stifled anguish of maturer years echo within his heart. See in the results of his labor the wondrous change. The parched lips are wreathed with smiles, the sparkling eye, the rounded outlines, the rich blood which mantles in the cheek and warms the swelling heart, the merry peals of laughter surely demonstrate the advancing power of his art. The writhing limbs, contorted with pain, relax themselves, and bathed in refreshing sleep acknowledge in grace-

ful attitudes the magic power of an anæsthetic. The gibbering soulless face of the insane is lighted up again by the dawn of returning reason, and, transformation more wonderful than that of the fabled Memnon, bursts forth in songs of praise.

And thus, amid all the cares of life, the true physician finds his consolation in the contemplation of his ideal, and in his warm intellectual sympathy with all students of nature's laws. No mere routinist, deserving the sarcasm of Voltaire, and pouring drugs of which he knows little into a body of which he knows less; but, humbly recognizing the limitations of all knowledge, he shares this humiliation with all earnest seekers after truth, and points serenely to the past in evidence of the progress of the present.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Rev. ISAAC FERRIS, D.D, LL.D..... *Chancellor of the University.*

MARTYN PAINE, M.D., LL.D..... *Emeritus Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.*

JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D.... *Emeritus Professor of Chemistry and Physiology.*

ALFRED C. POST, M.D..... *Professor of the Principles and Operations of Surgery, with Military Surgery and Hygiene.*

CHARLES A. BUDD, M.D..... *Professor of Obstetrics, with Diseases of Women and Children, and Clinical Midwifery.*

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